

THE TRUMPET O Fame:

Or Sir Fraunces Drakes and Sir John Hawkins F
well: with an encouragement to all Saile
and Souldiers that are minded to go
in this worthie enterprise.

With the names of many Ships, and what they ha
done against our foes.

Written by H. R.



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The Trumpet of Fame,

Sir Fraunces Drakes and Sir John Hawkins Farew
with an encouragement to all Sailers and Sou-
diers, that are minded to go in this wor-
thie enterprise: with the names of
many famous ships.

Y Du Gallants bold, of Albions fertile soyle,
 For Countries fame, on land and seas that soyle,
 Searching with paine, the Confines of the earth,
 Whose painfull toyle, all Nations admirereth:
 By whom enriched is your Countries store,
 And some made rich, which earst was held but poore:
 To you braue minds, whose thoughts doth reach the
 And scorne at home, like sluggards soz to lie:
 To you that fetch more woorth, then Iasons flerce,
 To you I do my rusticke Pen addresse,
 For Countries honor, that spareth not your blood,
 But ventures all, for Commons publike god:
 You that soz wealth doth cut the Ocean,
 Honor to haue, and riches store to gaine,
 You that in this attempt, like men doth shaine,

r care to Country, and loue to Prince you owe:
 men of worth, that ventures voluntary,
 thereby shewes what mindes all ought to carry,
 esse your selues, to follow those braue Knights,
 in God hath blest, in many hardie fights.
 se fortunes great and loue vnto their men,
 nist rightly paint, with my rude Pen:
 y are the men were never foyled yet,
 y are the men that honor still doth get:
 se peerlesse fame, all Europe can declare,
 erica and Asia, whose actions rare
 y still applaud, and wonder at their deeds,
 sing the land, from whence such god men proceed.
 le, conquering Drake, whose fortunes are not such,
 valure more, and kindnesse thise so much,
 end to friends, a scourge vnto the foe,
 gue for those that wish sweete Englands we.
 Pylot may compare with him for skill,
 man more forward, his enemies blood to spill:
 Captaine hath deserved more then he?
 eyes hath seene more happier man to be?
 by our God that Israels people led,
 mde unknowne, which he for them puruayd:
 jcs Moses well we may him call,
 leads you forth, this Noble Generall.
 engh of men, he putteth not his trust,
 o his God, and cause which still is iust.
 arued hath, that God is our Chieftaine,
 brings him forth, and safely back againe.
 then with him, and loue him as you ought,

Let

Let not your miads to matinie be wrought,
 Least Justice sword do cut off vitall dayes,
 Whose power is such, so to command at seas.
 We fre from follies, and serue your God aright,
 And hono^r truly this renowned Knight.
 Learne by his worth, in actions he hath past,
 His sweet to such, that hono^rs high will taste.
 The worlds whole circuit in his trauell great,
 He viewed throughout, and many Princes seat,
 What hono^r there he gaid, I do referre,
 To stroies large, where registred they are:
 Then follow him, that cries, come fellowes all,
 For he begins, and last retreat doth call.
 We forward then, and ioy in this braue Knight,
 That never yet received soyle in fight.
 But still returnd with fame and wealth away,
 In spight of those that wold the same gainsay.
 And Hawkins in this action his compere,
 Full well is knowne a famous Cauilere.
 Whose valure showne, and seruice often done,
 With good successe, immortall fame hath wonne.
 In India land, he Englands culours spread,
 Where Spanish Powers he brauely vanquished.
 The French and other Nations far and neare,
 Hath felt the force of this stout Cauilere.
 To English Queene an officer long beane,
 Which place of trust, he did full well beseeue.
 For which his seruice, as due deserts and right,
 He hono^red is, with title of a Knight,
 The best of worth, which charge hath in this fleete,

wld recount, to do them hono^r meet:
 for I cannot name them as I would,
 whereby their vertues rare should be extold,
 greater part of force I must omit,
 their returne, their hono^r gaind to writ:
 Crosse, of Captaines not the least, no^t last,
 seruice done, may not be ouerpast,
 w^se, that euer crossed hath our foes,
 trust them still, with shot and cruell blowes:
 O Crosse Lord, do little England send,
 a raging foes, our Country to defend.
 him in place, let Thomas Dracke be seene,
 t for his fortunes, a happie man hath bene:
 use trauailes and his god successe was tride,
 many dangers which he did abide.
 valiant Crafton claimes his place as due,
 ch often did the Spartyard proud pursue:
 riches great which home he often brought,
 well declare that hono^r he hath sought.
 Aerick speake, not meanest of all the rest,
 o venture will, as forward as the best:
 e Tarackt late was taken, his valure did appeare,
 e as resolute, as most men that were there.
 Larper now, I change my roming quill,
 n of worth, and worthe for his skill,
 e aduanst in place of god regard,
 e seruice hath gainst foes so well deseru'd.
 fish, boⁿe faithfull to thy boⁿed friend,
 resolution, I cannot halfe commend.
 this I say, and many more with me,

The proudest foes did never cause thee flee.
 And Parker, let me tell thy worthinesse,
 Which never quailst, for any great distresse.
 But like a man of courage stout and bold,
 Hast foild thy foes, and brought away their gold.
 And Henry Austen, to many knowne well,
 Thy braue attempts, in fights both sharpe and fell,
 Hath oft bene seene, where like a man of worth
 Thou gaine dst wealth, and foes-men forced forth.
 And Morish, though thou be not great in name,
 Yet hath thy deedes deserued worthie fame:
 The Frenchmens Leagers, so of thee doth say,
 Whom thou hast met full boldly on the sea.
 Of famous men of Plymouths happy Towne,
 Yours is the gaine of honor and renowme:
 From you these men of worth most part did spring,
 Whose fames throughout the world doth daily ring.
 God fortune ever wayt upon them all,
 And graunt your foes may never see you fall:
 But as to fore God did you still defend,
 Such honor now, our hopes is, he will send.
 Take courage then, let honor be your aime,
 And drag not back, you that will honor gaine.
 At your returne, then shall you honor haue,
 As your deserts by venturing farre shall craue.
 Then seare no culours, set the chance on Christ,
 He is your Load-starre, God of power highest.
 Your store of victualls euer he will blesse,
 And as it spends, he will the same encrease.
 A goodlier fléete this many a day,

ere hath not bene prepared to the sea,
 In London shall you haue these shippes of fame,
 The braue Defiance, glorious in her name :
 Mirall of this gallant company,
 By force ere this, the Spaniards proud did trie.
 Ere in the seas she drenched hath their bones,
 Whom their friends makes many greeuous grones.
 The glorious Garland, well deserueth praise,
 Her exployts, the foe-men can report,
 whom in her fight she plagued in such sort.
 Bonauenture, they cannot forget,
 Rich to their paine with them hath often met.
 France Gallics she sought with that one tyme,
 made them wish they all had farther bene.
 many bickerings more with them she had,
 Of their gaines small boast by them is made.
 The famous ship which called is the Hope,
 I often gald those Champions of the Pope :
 Ere euer she encountered any one,
 gaue them pasports, which did make them grone.
 Foresight, which hath never soyle received,
 plaid her part, and foes haue often groaned.
 In many a broule with conquest in the fight,
 hath returnd, and put them all to flight.
 he that never yet her force hath shrowed,
 braue Aduenture, forward doth proceed,
 like her triall in this action,
 either shipp from hence hath sildome gone:
 be her guide, and all the rest of them,
 send them safelie to returne againe.

The Concord and the Amitie, two ships of worth,
 Whose good successe all London knoweth:
 In merchant trade where they did vse to goe,
 Their friends they pleased, and did torment their foe:
 What Prizes by the Amitie was brought,
 With Spaniards proud, which their confusion sought.
 To all their goods the owners can declare,
 But too the last, were Spanish men of warre.
 The Susan Parnell, not least of all this rout,
 She shewed her selfe a tall ship and a stout:
 Her fortunes great, I cannot halfe declare,
 Trading in peace, or furnished for the warre.
 The Saccare beares her name full well I wot,
 Who makes no spare of powder nor of shot:
 With raging peales of thundering ordinance,
 In thickest of foes, saint George she doth aduance.
 And Salomon, not last of all the rest,
 To foes haue prou'd a forward saucie guest:
 In their despight taking what they possest,
 And beat them sore, that did her force resist.
 The louely Elizabeth and Constance cald,
 with glittering blades her foes to leeward hald:
 And in despight, nor honor of that name,
 To Countries good, returneth home with fame:
 May all that euer fight for Elizabeth,
 Proue alwaies happie, when they attempt to fight.
 The (Helpe) not helpe of many doth she craue,
 When vnder saile her daring foes she braue:
 Hale home her sheates, and foe-men do your worst,
 Who so is last, she will be with the first.

he little Phænix, now for her I speake,
 hat never fear'd her force would proue too weake:
 he for her burthen, euer did her part,
 till gaining wealth, and wrought her enemies smart.
 esides these past, whose names I haue set downe,
 e not omit, our Merchant of renowne:
 or Londons honor, where he of worship is,
 n Alderman of credit great I wis,
 amous Wats, whose forward readinesse,
 i all attempts was never knowne to misse:
 Aho in this Fœte to quale the enemies pride,
 oure gallant ships for warre he doth prouide:
 he Pexases, who swift as bird doth flie,
 utting the wavies, and foe-mans force to frie:
 Ahat wealth and happie fortune she hath gainde,
 nd how in fight, her enemies she painde,
 ere needesse here at large for to set downe,
 it it suffice, she euer gaid renowne.
 he Lewell, gallant in her sea attire,
 ith dard her foes, with powder, shot, and fire:
 id home hath brought, their pearle and eke their gold,
 f such great worth, as is not to be told.
 he Elizabeth next, one of this gallant fœte,
 or honor gaind, I may not here omit:
 Ahen foes did rage, and swore to worke her ill,
 he scapt their force, and wrought on them her will.
 he little John, though last I call to minde,
 or good successe, hath not bene much behinde:
 er panche well fild with Spanish Ryalls of Plate,
 nd splices store for comfort of mans hart:

She often brought unto her Owners good,
 And brauely in the face of foes hath stood.
 Thus valiant hearts which now to seas are bound
 To cheare you on, that earst hath bene renownd.
 I haue explainde the names of your braue flēte,
 That careth not with what foes they shall mōte.
 What other shippes of forraine soyle there go,
 I do omit, because I do not know.
 Nor what they be, you need not much to care,
 God and your Generalls, doth for you prepare.
 Then frolickhe hearts, and to your healths one Ca
 Let loue united, be firme with euery man.
 And loue and dutie in each one so abound,
 That faithfull subiects you may still be found.
 Tis Englands honoꝝ that you haue in hand,
 Then thinke thereof, if you do loue our land.
 The gaine is yours, if millions home you bring,
 Then courage take, to gaine so swēte a thing.
 The time calls on, which causeth me to end,
 Wherefore to God, I do you all commend,
 For whom all subiects that do loue our Queen,
 Shall truly pray, to send you safe againe.
 And for my part, I wish you alwaies health,
 With quick returne, and so much stōre of wealth
 That Phillips Regions may not be more stōrd,
 with Pearle, Jewels, and the pureſt gold.

F I N I S.